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Sunday, April 3, 1938

ARK OF FIRE

BY
JOHN HAWKINS



CHAPTER I A Glimpse at Murder.

THE silver-winged sport plane was still fifty miles south of Manhattan's gleaming skyline when Steven Hill's eyes flicked to the instrument panel. Altitude 6,000; air-speed. Right. A fragment of the Air Code—1980 Issue—ran through his head: "No plane shall land on any metropolitan roof without first having secured permission from the dispatcher thereon. South-bound air traffic shall at all times."

Steven Hill turned to the man in the seat beside him. "Better get landing clearance, Jay. I'll take her in."

Jay Forbes' smile flashed white against the sun-darkened skin of his face.

"You wouldn't pick the easy job, Steve? You know that landing on 124 is like crashing Heaven."

Steven Hill grinned. "With a crate like this—right?"

Forbes was speaking then, his lips only inches from the microphone:

"Calling roof one-two-four. Bell Sportwing, northbound at six-thousand-foot level, calling roof one-two-four for landing clearance. Roof one-two-four."

The speaker hissed, sputtered, and then crisp words came into the cabin. "Bell Sportwing. Roof one-two-four speaking. Come in. Wait until transport clears, and then use number three lane."

"Right," Forbes said, "we're coming in." He switched the microphone off, and then set the standard receiver on the government wave-length. "Easy stuff, Steve, when you know how."

"Sure, but have that pass ready when the wheels stop rolling, or the dispatcher'll flag us out just as fast as this ship'll move."

Steve Hill closed the throttle, waited until the air-speed had dropped to ninety, and then nosed the ship down. The needle flickered upward again as the ship slanted through the hot, bright

(Continued on Page 5)

Is Such Thing As Love At First Sight

Petting Parties No Preparation for a Happy Marriage, "Soul Mates" Usually Cases of Mistaken Identity, Why You Shouldn't "Fall in Love With an Eyelash and Marry the Whole Girl," and What's Wrong With Campus Romances, Explained by a Famous Woman Psychologist

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
—Chris. Marlowe
The only true love is love at first sight because a second sight dispels it.—Israel Zangwill.

“THERE is no such thing as love at first sight. True love grows slowly and only through long association and sharing of interests.” This statement, refuting poets, fiction writers and the general belief of romantic persons, does the aged, was recently made by a woman, but a scientific one, an authority on the subject who ought to know what she is talking about—Dr. Regina Westcott Wieman, of Chicago. Dr. Wieman is a consulting psychologist, called in by colleges and private families to cure young people of dangerous illusions and start them thinking straight.

One of the most troublesome illusions she finds is that love-at-first-sight fallacy. According to her description it seems to be based on a sort of psychic mistaken identity.

A police detective, having arrested somebody who answers the description of the man he wants, lets him go as soon as the mistake is discovered. Not so the young man who thinks he has laid eyes on his soul-mate. He will drag her to the altar, if he possibly can, and not find out that it is a “false arrest” until afterward. Most everyone grows up with the belief that somewhere is the perfect mate with whom he or she is destined to live in married bliss to the end of their days.

Such a perfect pair would have to be specially created for each other which does not seem to have been done since the late Adam and Eve, but the raw material from which a satisfactory husband or wife can be developed is still to be found. The mysterious symptoms, commonly diagnosed as love at first sight, are no indication whatever that one has found even raw material.

A youth sees a girl who promptly strikes so many responsive chords that he cannot doubt she is the girl of his dreams whom he must win or miss his destiny and drag through an empty existence. Many a college boy has thought suicide preferable. Yet what thrills him are mere externals, as meaningless as false whiskeys.

Perhaps her figure and gait, though not specially notable to others, charm him. Very likely it is because when he was 14 years old a beautiful creature of 16, who lived next door and whom he worshipped as a goddess, moved and looked like that at a distance. As she talks, the girl resembles, no evidence whatever that she uses her hands are like those of a beloved school teacher, which mean more thrills and confirmation of the first impression.

Her face may arouse subconscious memories of a face he no longer remembers consciously, perhaps that of his mother, as if looked when she bent over his crib. The color of her dress may be the same as that worn by an indulgent aunt the last time he saw her. In one way or another the fascinating stranger may be a composite portrait of all the women who have been dearest to him since he was born, yet these are externals, no evidence whatever that she will be a congenial life-partner.

Dr. Wieman says that a man who falls in love with an eyelash and marry the whole girl.

She admits that there may be physical infatuation at first sight, but this short-lived thing is no adequate basis for marriage.

The unconscious prejudice which causes the misleading love-at-first-sight fever, is called “conditioning.” Girls become conditioned by a slightly different process, but with equally disastrous results. The word “conditioning” is the growing generation, Dr. Wieman finds to be “group thinking” which is particularly harmful to college youth of both sexes who, far from being equipped for successful marriage, get headed in the opposite direction toward unhappy ones.

Conditioning she calls “co-herding” because the students are herded into all thinking alike.

This is not the intention of the col-

THEN—
In the Old Days of Leisurely Courtship and Selection of a Wife, and Proposal Was Formal and Dignified and the Approach Took Time.

“The Lovers” by staid, the clouds, empty as balloons of anything but fondness, and Spurring Reality. All Symptoms of the Stupid “Love at First Sight.”

teach faculty who know well enough that it is more important to fill their heads with knowledge than to fill their hands with knowledge they will only misuse unless they can think independently.

This wretched regimentation of thought, worthy of a dictatorship, is inflicted not in the lecture rooms but by the boys and girls on the campus where the freshman arrives, having never learned to think for himself and automatically accepts the standards of the group as his own.

The principal activities he finds are: dancing, card-playing, automobile riding, with attendant necking or petting, and athletics. The students are “rated” by their fellows according to their excellence in these fields. The boy who can row a football farther than the next one, or dance the Big Apple with more dexterity, rates higher. In the Prohibition days, the youth who could hold the most gin, or had cards to the most squeakers, was a campus idol.

The newcomer, wanting to be accepted in the campus life, strives to conform to the group standards. He feels inferior if he can’t dance well, or engage in athletics. He accepts the standards and ideals of the group without question.

Girls especially try to live up to the group standards. The new girl on the campus must have a lingering desire to stay home at night and study, or practice the piano by herself, but in order to be popular, she feels she has to go to this or that dance, drink milk, shake at a certain hour with “the gang,” and get dates for every night in the week if she can.

William Hawthorne, College-Bred Fellow-man, Who Killed His Bride, Kay Fox, “Gorgeous” Co-ed of Michigan State Normal College, and Her Admirer, Jack Barrett. After “Bibi” and “Kay” Had Married as “Soul-Mates,” by Campus Standards, and Found Those Standards All Wrong.

her favor, she wins the prize and, after marriage, the puzzled pair discover that their leisure that are a couple of strangers who have little in common except their alma mater. Other girls who have to be content with a boy who dances divinely, croons or plays the saxophone, find themselves equally disappointed.

As for this modified thinking, Dr. Wieman considers youth is not to blame. In the old days the child grew up in a big family, which included a lot of distant relatives, all guiding and watching the youngster. In the family, children learned character and how to think for themselves so that it did not matter if the school taught them only the “three R’s.” The modern family has shrunk in size, influence and meaning until some exaggerators have compared it to the mere community of the prairie dog and rattlesnake living in the same quarters.

In her latest book, “The Modern Family and the Church,” published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y., she writes: “Two pictures recently exhibited in Chicago showed the family one hundred years ago and now. In the former a young lover is slighting from a carriage to call upon his fiancée. He starts across a velvet sweep of lawn shaded by magnificent elm trees. On beyond rises in dignity the massive brick mansion. With gallant yet humble decorum he advances to speak to those who have come out to greet him—the modest and flustered young woman, her mother and father of gracious but stately bearing, and the keen-eyed grandmother, zealous guardian of the name and traditions of the family.

In the modern scene, a nervous young fellow, incessantly active, starts the honks of his Ford horn echoing insistently down the solidly paved canyon of a street above which rises the

known as unrequited love is almost invariably the love-at-first-sight illusion.

AND NOW—
Too Often the Proposal Comes After a Brief and Whirlwind Wooing With Petting Party Trimmings and a “Gin Marriage” That Soon Dissolves in Tears, Says, in Effect, Dr. Wieman.

spectacular facade of a massive apartment house. He cranes his neck up toward an open window on the third floor out from which sears a girl smoking a cigarette. Her expression seems to indicate that she “sees” all the answers already. She scrutinizes her answer to him.

“There need be never a thought of a moment’s delay for bidding adieu to her elders, because her parents are already gone to their country club and her stranger-grandmother is keeping a late appointment for a facial and a permanent in preparation for her nephew’s departure on the next lap of her perpetual and restless gadding about. Such a family means little beyond some practical arrangements possibly of advantages to the individuals involved. There are no deep roots. The sense of the family is tenuous, unstable, and all but powerless.”

The engagement period should be long enough for the young people really to know each other and their condition. Themselves in favor of each other’s true selves instead of their spurious “fronts,” to point where there is a remarkable hope of continuing the process after marriage or finding out that they can’t do it. In that slow painstaking way, bit by bit, enduring love is built up but never at first sight. Dr. Wieman’s scientific definition of true love is:

“The predisposition of sensitivity and response, in each toward the other, built up over a period of time by long association and sharing of interests.”

Marriage is not like a blissful world, one just sits down and enjoys things. Such pairs to marriage must work their passage if they hope to get any happiness out of it and there will be storms when both must fight bravely to shoulder, to prevent shipwreck.

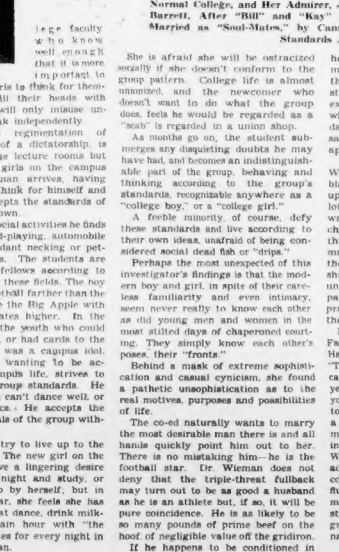
“Marriage and home-making,” Dr. Wieman says, “are the most unpromising relationships to go into if one is looking for the passive bliss of never being disappointed, disregarded, or depreciated. And all emotional infants who are seeking this form of blissful calm, should be told so.”

Happiness is quite a different experience from indulgent contentment. Happiness comes in just one way. It comes when one, having chosen an object of affection, feels it is of worth, discovers that he is making progress toward that objective.

“A love that wants incessant stimulating to fever heat, is a sick love. It causes sadness because only a part of the self is involved. In time the rest of the self will wake up to make demands that cannot be filled through this type of relationship.”

The poetic and pathetic state of agony known as unrequited love is almost invariably the love-at-first-sight illusion.

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The Beauties Who Battled to Draw



Brunette Maria Mezey, Who Easily Won the Title of Miss Sophistication in the Budapest Contest, But Had to Share Honors With Miss Innocence in the Exciting "Battle of Beauties."

BUDAPEST
EVER since Paris, the first judge of beauty contestants, caused discord among the gods by awarding a golden apple marked "To the Fairest" to Venus—leaving Juno and Minerva biting their nails—beauty contests occasionally have caused unusual complications.

Budapest recently staged two beauty contests which, for a time, divided the city into two hostile factions, and gave the police authorities several sleepless nights preventing flat fights, and a duel or two among hot-headed youngsters who had emphatic ideas about the most beautiful woman in Budapest.

The whole affair started innocently enough when a group of sculptors, painters and theatrical people headed by Victor Farkas, a wealthy patron of arts, got together to select a girl who would typify "Miss Sophistication."

"Budapest is one of the most sophisticated cities of the Continent," said Mr. Farkas, by way of explanation. "Yet we have no reigning beauty who is symbolic of all this. It is a defect which we should remedy immediately."

His colleagues agreed with him and nominated candidates from among the many attractive women who had modeled, appeared on the stage, danced in night clubs or otherwise focused the eyes of beauty experts upon them. A ballot was taken and a languorous-eyed brunette, Miss Maria Mezey, was unanimously chosen as "Miss Sophistication."

Everyone agreed that the committee had made a wise selection and that Miss Mezey, an actress, was entitled to the honor. But then one of the sculptors brought up a question.

"There isn't the slightest doubt that Miss Mezey represents sophistication," he said. "But in doing so she only represents half



NEW FASHIONS FOR THUMB SUCKERS
The Mittle Break Youngsters of Putting Their Thumbs in Their Mouths, and Are Popular in Germany.

of Budapest—the sophisticated half. We are sighting the thousands of beautiful young women who are lovely and charming but

shall we say, of innocent and unworried mien?"

Mr. Farkas admitted the logic of this and thought that another contest sponsored by a different committee should be held to select "Miss Innocence."

New judges were chosen and soon the second contest was under way with scouts rounding up contenders for the second title. Some twenty young women were brought before the critical eyes of the committee, who finally selected a winsome blonde, Miss Elsa Gorgo to represent "Miss Innocence." It turned out that, like "Miss Sophistication," she is an actress.

Everyone agreed that Elsa fully deserved the honor bestowed upon her and, had the matter rested there, probably no complications would have followed. But two days after Miss Gorgo had been selected, a columnist of a Budapest newspaper speculated as to which of the two women was the more beautiful. It was a question loaded with high explosives and the resulting detonation thundered through the city. Sophistication vs. Innocence. Blonde vs. Brunette.

The question was discussed long and heatedly in coffee houses and in business offices. Men argued with their friends on their way home and continued the argument over the supper table with their wives.

In night clubs blows were struck "in Sophistication's defense." Several duels were scheduled, but no one fought, by idealistic young men who insisted that for Miss Innocence not to be chosen the more beautiful of the two was to put a stigma on their country's honor.

Mr. Farkas mullied over the hornet's nest he had so unwittingly stirred up. Then, in a belated attempt to settle the matter, committees of judges who had selected Miss Mezey and Miss Gorgo, he issued a statement:

"The poets summed it up neatly when they said 'beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder,'" he declared. "We have carefully gone over the respective merits of Miss Mezey and Miss Gorgo and decided that each is the most beautiful of her type and equally attractive." That simple solution satisfied everyone. Shortly after it was issued Budapest went back to normal.

A Statue of Lincoln for \$7.80

A TEN-FOOT-HIGH object lesson in economy in the form of a heroic statue of Abraham Lincoln was presented the other day to municipalities, art commissions and other civic bodies who spend thousands of dollars for monuments to immortals.

ize the great. It cost Fritz Henckels of Santa Monica, California, exactly \$7.80, exclusive of his time, to complete the statue which many art critics say compares favorably with large-size figures sculptured in marble and stone at considerable expense.

Henckels, who came from Germany several years ago, has developed his own unique technique and medium for Sculpture. He uses a mixture of beach sand and cement for his material and, instead of employing the delicate tools used by most sculptors, he carves his figures largely with an axe blade.

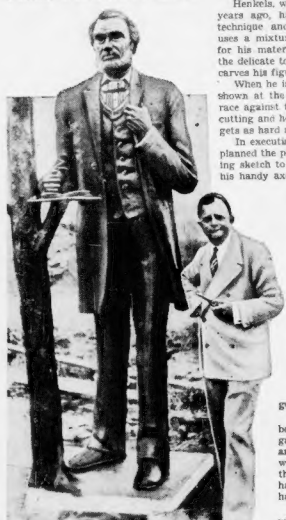
When he is working on a statue, such as shown at the left, he is waiting a constant race against time, for he must do all of his cutting and heaving before the mixed cement gets as hard as stone.

In executing his Lincoln figures, Henckels planned the pose carefully and drew a working sketch to guide him. Then he sharpened his handy axe to a razor edge on a grindstone and got ready for actual work.

A ten-foot figure, roughly modeled by hand to a semblance of human outlines was made by the sculptor from the materials which he had previously prepared. Then, as the mass began to harden, he climbed on a step-ladder and with his axe cut in the details of eyes, nose, mouth and other features. This was the most delicate part of the work but the corner of the axe was skillfully used as a gouge and a chisel.

Then, the head having been completed, Henckels began work on the arm, legs and body, swinging his axe with swift, sure strokes. By the time the cement had hardened the Lincoln statue had been completed.

Among other statues which Henckels completed by the same method were those of Van Helsing and Theodore Roosevelt, done after studying pictures of the subjects.



Sculptor Fritz Henckels, of Santa Monica, California, With the Cement Statue of Lincoln He Carved. The Raw Materials Cost Him Only \$7.80.

Kills Self With Golden Bullet

REPUTED to be one of the wealthiest men in the Balkans, Mohamed Sahingac, "Crescent of Bosnia," recently shot himself after giving a final party which in luxury and lavishness was a twentieth century version of those given by the old Roman emperors.

Sahingac had seemingly possessed an inexhaustible supply of money, was in excellent health and there appeared to be no reason for him to take his life. At the inquest, however, his banker who was his only close personal friend, revealed that Sahingac had run through his considerable fortune and,

facing poverty, had remarked that he would die, just as he had lived—luxuriously.

Since even poor men have committed suicide by shooting themselves with pistols or revolvers, the authorities wondered what Sahingac had meant by dying "luxuriously." At the autopsy, however, a Yugoslav doctor supplied the answer. Sahingac had shot himself with a golden bullet which a local jeweler had beaten into shape from the once rich man's last golden coin. Sahingac had saved it carefully for just that purpose. The fatal shot was made of his favorite substance.



Blond Elsa Gorgo, Whose Victory With Miss Mezey Proved That the Worldly Citizens of Budapest Still Have an Eye for the Winsome Charm of Youth.

"Come Inside," Said the Snake to the Salamander

A HUNGRY snake may bolt his food but he does so in the most leisurely fashion imaginable, a group of amateur scientists of Tombstone, Arizona, decided recently after watching a hungry reptile engulf a salamander that had made the fatal mistake of crawling out from under a rock at the wrong time.

The salamander, an evil-looking

little creature with a large flat head, terminating in a square mouth and a flattened tail, measured nearly four and a half inches in length. Its beady eyes saw the snake too late.

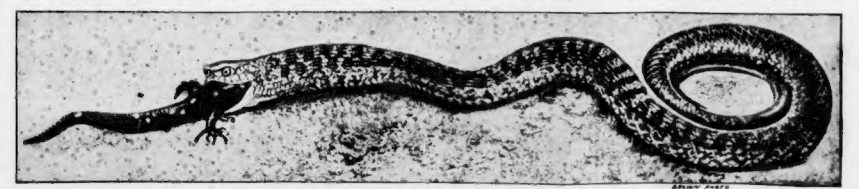
One lightning-like lunge and the snake had the head of the salamander helplessly in its mouth. Then on, with its hinged jaws permitting it to engulf a victim bulkier than itself, the

reptile proceeded to work with such deliberation that it was two hours and fifty four minutes by the observers' watches before the salamander had totally disappeared.

The unusual picture below, one of a series made by the amateur scientists at the time, shows the snake one and a half hours after starting to bolt his dinner. At that time nearly two and a

half inches of salamander were in his jaws. The observers estimated that it would be three weeks before the killer needed another meal.

Almost all snakes, ranging in size from species much smaller than the one shown here right up to the huge pythons and boa-constrictors, seem to follow the old saying that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs.



One of the Most Remarkable Photographs Ever Taken of a Snake in the Act of Swallowing a Meal Bulkier Than Itself. The Dinner Is Slowly Gulping Down a Spotted Salamander.

Why Heiresses Love Cowboys—and Leave 'Em

Nobody Knows Whether the Girls Rope the Bow-Legged Lads or Vice

Versa, But Anyway
They Don't Stay Tied Long
—Yet Barbara Monell,
\$15,000,000 Stainless Metal
Princess, Optimistically
Takes a Chance
On a Second



Among Barbara's Charges Against Cowboy Glaze, Her First Husband, Was That He Insisted Upon Dragging Out and Blackening the Eyes of Gentlemen Who He Thought Were Not Dancing in a Nice Way With His Wife —But Barbara Has Taken Another Chance Upon This Foul-Faced Point of View.



Anne Gould Meador-Elsbury, Old Jay Gould's Great-Granddaughter, Who Divorced an Actor to Marry a Cowboy.

BARBARA MONELL, \$15,000,000 stainless metal heiress, has just married her second cowboy, Henry A. Hoder, of Colorado, which makes a lot of ordinary men in plain pants, low heels and small hats wonder why so many rich Eastern girls insist on marrying the bow-legged hard riders in high heels, "chaps" and big hats—and then divorcing them.

Most people think it is the fault of the Wild West movies and magazine stories which have made glamorous heroes and perfect lovers of the lonely, hungry-beast cow-puncher. Even so, he seems to fit the romantic picture pretty well.

The original boots-and-leather boy may have been a natural diamond but he was certainly a rough and crude one which the fiction writers polished and idealized to end. But the real cowboy save the movies and read the stories about himself and, many of them, as far as possible, tried to be as advertised.

They made a pretty good job of it, but, with the rapid increase of dude ranches, considerable numbers have had the opportunity and money to make themselves even more fascinating than fiction specifications.

Still they are the dashing, hard-riding, straight-shooting, broncho-busting daredevils who come lurching in from the desert in a cloud of dust. But now, with his private shower, the Western hero quickly gets rid of the dust of the desert and the smell of the pony. His sinewy form is no longer clad in a hand-me-down from the general store but a faultlessly-cut suit by an expensive tailor and a clean shirt, with a slightly "Lord Byron" collar, open to show a bronzed throat. He has his hair trimmed once a week and no longer is it plastered with axle grease.

Furthermore, he has a trained voice which he can accompany with any one of half a dozen musical instruments from the piano down to any nothing of knowing more useful sentimental poems than anyone but a troubadour ought to carry in his head. Of course he can dance with the best of them.

Altogether he is a sort of Lord Byron on horseback—without His Lordship's chubfoot—combined with the late Will Rogers. In magazines and movies, the cowboy lover is patient and deferential to the point of worship but, if strategy demands, he can also be a clean-shaven, well-groomed caveman on horseback. Like

the fiction pattern, he is never jealous, never doubts or suspects his lady love. Always taking her word against the testimony of all his friends and his own of circumstantial evidence. He knows she cannot have done wrong, even if he saw her, because he loves her so. He is even better than advertised—no wonder no woman can resist him.

Yet the fiction writers who built him up, polished and embellished him, have played the characters they created a scurvy trick. They told him how to woo and win the golden girl from the East, now to get her to the altar and then when he needed guidance most, left their young Lochinvar flat. It was much as if they had fitted these handsome landmen out with a first mate's uniform, showed them how to get that job on a palatial yacht but forgot to give them any instructions about holding the job.

Mrs. Hoder declared she had always preferred "great strong Western men" to men of the effete East. Her first marriage to Kenneth Wilson Glaze took place in church, her second was performed by a Justice of the Peace.

Her new husband operates a 400-acre dude ranch near Pleasant, Col. The New York heiress, who since coming West has adopted dungarees, wool shirts, boots and wide hat, owns an extensive mountain ranch near Greeley, Col.

Hoder first came into the public eye when in 1929 he accompanied Fred Parrish, camera-man, to Africa, and remained there to hunt big game.

Some of the results of the fiction writer's oversight were pretty sad, such as the case of the cowboy, Paul Shanger, who won Carolyn Jackson Crittenden, daughter of a Pittsburgh steel millionaire, away from all the suitors in her own set, only to have her run away from him, after just 72 hours of married life.

What shattered Paul's romance happened to be known. He was not the dude ranch cowboy but more the movie and fiction type, in real life, a perfectly genuine article, with no pose or theatricalism about him. He was a quiet, strong and very proud man, with contempt for a husband who did not support himself and wife, too.



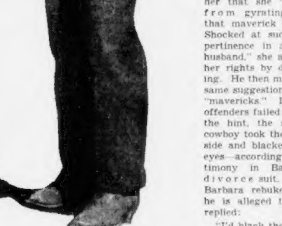
In the Center Is Barbara Monell, and at Her Left, Cowboy Glaze, Her First Husband, Who Was Charged With Dragging Out the Danvers, and at Her Right, Henry A. Hoder, Dude Ranchman and Super-Cowboy, With Whom She Has Taken Another Chance.

One of the cardinal virtues of the cowboy lover is to believe every word his beloved tells him.

When Caroline signed with ecstasy over the mountain and desert air, saying that a couple of breaths of it were like a cocktail, it seemed reasonable because that is the way he felt about it. When she said she was sick and tired of all the flash and finery of society life and never wanted to wear a jewel or an evening dress again nor sit up all night in a supper club, it seemed plausible from his point of view. He would have about it out with anyone who tried to make him live that way. But when she promised to live the simple life on the small earnings as a guide and never return to luxury, that was like a squirrel promising never to climb a tree again. He believed that, too, for no reason except that he loved her so.

After being married and living happily ever after for 72 consecutive hours, Paul discovered that his bride had changed her mind. Not only did she want to live on the grand scale of her income but, horror of horrors, she planned to take him back East with her and doll him up. Only a sheriff and a large posse could do that and they would have to take him there in a wooden box.

There was nothing to do but separate. He had spent all his ready cash on that brief but costly honeymoon, so the departing bride thoughtfully asked if he needed any money. His only request was to take his boots, saddle and saddle bags out of her trunk and let him have them again. They were all he had in the world and all he wanted.



Katherine Thorne, Chicago Mail-Order Heiress, Who Married "Big Boy" Gillespie, the "Singing Cowboy," and Who Has Been the Exception to the Rule by Ever Since Living Happily With Him.

On this supposition he approved of most men who danced with Mrs. Glaze but some he did not. When a man danced improperly with his wife, according to Mr. Glaze's standards of propriety, he mildly suggested to her that she "refrain from gyrating with that maverick again."

Shocked at such "impertinence in a mere husband," she asserted her rights by disobeying. He then made the same suggestion to the "mavericks." If these offenders failed to take the hint, the six-foot cowboy took them outside and blacked their eyes—according to testimony in Barbara's divorce suit. When Barbara rebuked him, he is alleged to have replied:

"I'd black the eye of a baseball if he didn't dance decent with you."

These harsh words are said to have been spoken out on the range, a place, according to the song:

"Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day."

Things clouded up rapidly just then however, and Mrs. Glaze told the judge at Reno who gave her a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Still the cowboy did not understand he was married.

Miss Angeline Abbott who divorced him last year, for some of the that alleged cruelty.

Another cowboy Romeo who did not understand what was the trouble is William E. Irvin, who married Miss Frances Kramer, daughter of the late Leighton Kramer, wealthy Philadelphia merchant. For three weeks the mystified cowboy viewed his bride with alarm as she grew steadily more strange, moody and difficult, finally telling him everything was off and returning to her mother in the East. Irvin did a lot of thinking and some writing, asking her to come back. When she refused, he came to the conclusion that his mother-in-law was to blame.

Making a "rich, enervated mother-in-law" behave was something he had never thought about and presented difficulties. "You couldn't very well rope her like a cantankerous steer nor bust her like a broncho and certainly it was against the law to shoot her. Some of his city friends advised him to sue her so he brought an action for alienation of affections, asking \$50,000 damages. But when Frances assured him personally that she was disilluminated and hadn't found him at all the same after the ceremony as before and that Mrs. Kramer had nothing to do with it, he believed her and withdrew the suit.

Katherine Thorne, Chicago mail-order heiress, very pretty and only 19, strayed onto an Arizona dude ranch where she fell under the eye and ear appeal of George "Big Boy" Gillespie, known as the "singing cowboy."

Without wasting much time, she married Big Boy and the marriage lasted almost an entire year. Then the inevitable seemed to have happened when she fled to Chicago, all these years later, they are still happily married. So it can be done, if one only knows how.

One of the latest to make the Wild West experiment is Anne Gould, rich old Jay Gould's great-granddaughter. This heiress first married Frank S. Meador who might have been a Texas cowboy himself but came to New York to be an actor. His first role on the stage was that of a corpse which he played very well and soon won Anne's heart and hand. But about one month after the wedding she took both of these away from him. A little later she was getting a divorce in Reno or rather having him get it, perhaps because she considered her time more valuable than his.

Just 24 hours after the decree was handed down, Anne, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, married Herman Elsbury, 24-year-old handsome cowboy and rodeo star. They seem to have lived happily together for more than a year which is not a bad start for a Gould no matter what they have married.

Theoretically the only sure way to make a cowboy and an Eastern heiress Western cowboy marriages stick would be to reverse the process. Have the heiress marry an Eastern youth, to the manner born and of her own set who presumably would have a better chance of pleasing her, after the ceremony, except that he would lack the cowboy costume and scenery. Then, after a year's trial to make sure that he is compatible and otherwise satisfactory in every detail, ship him out in the great wide-open spaces and make a cowboy for not only him on top of all his other perfections.

Ark of Fire—by John Hawkins

A Story of the Year 1980---And the Warped Genius Who Decided to Wipe Out War, Crime and Disease by a Flood of Solar Flame

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY begins this week the most extraordinary novel of scientific fiction since H. G. Wells' famous "War of the Worlds." According to the Bible, Jehovah once washed the world free of war and wickedness by a deluge of water that covered the world and destroyed all except Noah and the others on the Ark.

In this remarkable story a warped genius conceives the idea of burning the earth free of war and all wickedness by shifting its orbit close to the sun and then back again. His Ark is a vast underground city with its thousands of picked inhabitants, animals, seeds, plants, etc. for repopulating the earth after its bath of flame.

hands on one of these new outfits—one of these portable jobs that'll pick up anything from a transport truck up to a fly on a lump of sugar—and put them both on the receiving screens—in color.

"I hope you're right," Forbes dug thick fingers through tumbled black hair. A full head shorter than Hill, Forbes weighed ten pounds more. He was a bull-necked, stocky man, but those big-fingered hands possessed amazing skill. As a college freshman he had outdone his instructors by assembling

room. Charles A. Beck, the father of all newscasters. His smooth, swift speech had covered the greatest news stories for the past forty years.

The War of Twelve Nations in 1947. Beck had reported the destruction of London by the great Russian bombing fleet; had covered the last battle that raged across four countries in 1945; and, day after day, Beck it had been who first gave to the world the details of the surrender.

The Treasury raids in 1953, the yellow invasion in 1963, the attempted revolution in 1968. Beck had seen and covered them all. Arctic explosion, riots, wars, they had been only grist for his mill, only a job. His exploits had done more to forward international peace than those of any other man.

Beck, the first newscaster.

Now, he inclined his shaggy, gray head a scant inch. "Just a moment, please."

Beck's eyes had gone beyond them to that one gray and silent screen. A tiny switch moved under his hand, and he half turned his head to speak into the microphone at his side.

"Pick it up, Mike."

A ticking instant and that screen came to life. A man's head and shoulders flashed there—white against a dusty background—and a

The Image on the Screen Swung, Grew Oddly Tall and Vanished. The Watching Men Saw a Flash of Blue Sky; and Then a Second Man. He Was an Officer—Black Metal Glittered Wickedly in His Hand. The Shining Blade of a Delta Gun.

"Stop!" The Officer's Voice Came Plain and Clear. "I told you what would happen if..." The Delta Gun Spat a Thin Stream of Bluish Flame. The Image on the Screen Whirled Again, Till Only Blue Sky Showed There and Then, Suddenly—Nothing.

rich voice said, "No luck, Chief. We grounded just outside De Spain's headquarters here, but he won't make any statement. I'd like to bring him in, but, hell, I can't scan through a couple of hundred feet of solid rock."

"There's no way you can get in."

"Chief, I've tried everything. Bribery, flattery, force, and gate-crashing. All I got was a kick in the belly. This place's tougher to get into than the mint."

Beck's shoulders dropped, and he brushed one hand across his eyes. "Leave them there, Mike. Try the Mount Wilson Observatory again. You've got to get in this time—got to."

A very smile pulled at the lips of the image on the screen. He nodded, said, "Right, Chief." The screen went dark at once.

Beck didn't move for a full minute, and then, as his finger sped along a row of toggle switches, all sound within the huge room stopped.

That silence seemed to stretch tall and thin, before Beck's fierce blue eyes came up to meet theirs, and he said, "So you want to work for Universal?"

The two answers came at once, "Yes, sir!"

"The man you just heard," Beck nodded at the dark screen, "was Mike James. He's our best man, our highest-paid man. He'll get any story he goes after, if any human can get it. Yet, twice in the last week he's missed. Twice, he has failed utterly. In that week I'd say Mike has had about ten hours' sleep, and right now his crew are in the air again. They're flying back after a story they can't get. They'd have to take their telescopes past a solid wall of Delta guns. But they'll try to find a way—they're working for Universal!"

Beck's eyes glowed. "There are seventeen crews, and sixteen screens. No less than thirty-two screens must be hot at any time. Ten million people in the United States pay for our service, and those people have their choice of six

programs at any time. So you see, all the news comes into this room, but less than half of it is released. Even if Mike gets this story it can never be released. He knows that, as well as I do."

"Then, why—?" The involuntary question sprang from Hill's lips.

But if Beck heard, he gave no sign. He opened a drawer, extracted a thick sheaf of papers. He picked up a card, read aloud, "Steven Hill, honor student in advanced communications. An orphan, whose father was a civil engineer. College expenses paid by a De Spain scholarship."

The ice-blue flicked again to Hill's face. "Do you know De Spain?"

"No, sir. Only what is common knowledge. My father once worked for him, but beyond that I know only what I've read, and..."

"Of course," Beck interrupted, "you know that all his damned inventions are named after letters in the Greek alphabet, and that the patents he controls amount to a monopoly on industry." He paused. "You're sure you haven't had an offer of any kind from him?"

"I have not."

Again Beck's scant nod. "He's called a lot of men who were trained on his scholarships into his headquarters." Beck swung half-around. "You, Forbes, your technical record is a bit outstanding, isn't it?"

Forbes gulped, reddened. "I—I was just lucky."

"That's the kind of luck Universal needs." Beck said blankly. "Report here Monday morning, both of you. Mike James is invaliding two of his crew into the hospital then." A wintry note came into Beck's voice. "That's another thing. A Universal man spends a lot of time in hospitals."

Neither Hill nor Forbes spoke.

"You will be allowed fifty pounds of luggage, no more. You will get your instructions from the firing deck. That's all."

Hill said, "I'd like to see you for..."

Charles Beck wasn't listening. He was staring as if fascinated at a disc above the dark screen. A blinking disc that glowed with an angry red. His hand flashed to the bank of switches, and he snapped:

"Fire it up!"

Again the head and shoulders of a man appeared on that screen. A big man, whose face was marked with deep lines of exhaustion and pain. He swayed as he talked, and his voice was a thin, reedy whisper:

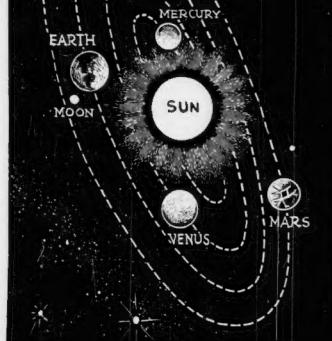
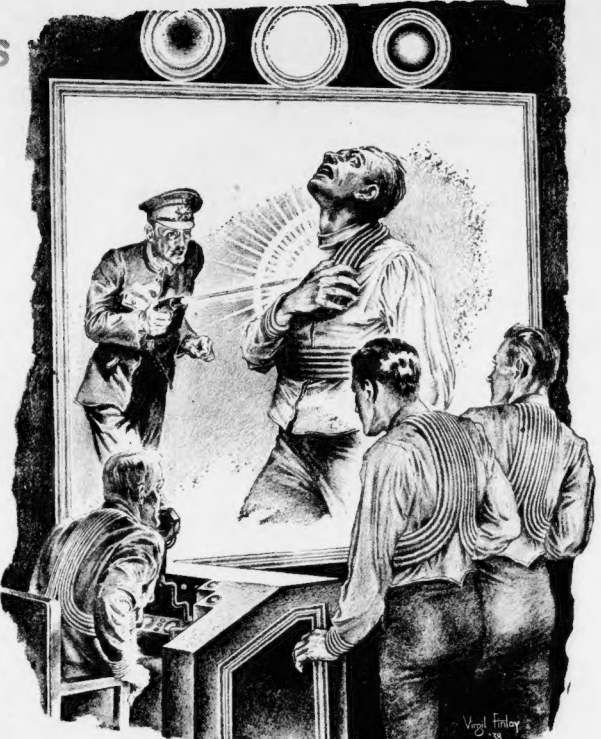
"Terry on crew six, Chief. George stopped a couple of Delta slugs getting out of the hospital where they took that mathematician from the Naval Observatory. George got in as an orderly, but he couldn't get the 'scope in with him. Chief, that old observatory guy's either nuts or we got the biggest story that ever broke by the tag."

"George talked to the old guy for nearly an hour. He says this heat wave is something more than sun spots. It's—it's—"

The big man paled at his sweat-streaked face, went on in a faint, clouded voice, "Chief, they got George twice. He's—He's dead; but this is just the way he told it to me."

Beck was leaning forward. "Go on!"

(Continued on Page 18)



Pictorial Diagram Showing the Orbits of the Earth, Moon and Inner Planets Around the Sun. The Eccentric Orbit of the Earth So That It Would Come Close to the Sun and All Living Things Would Be Burned and Destroyed by the Terrible Heat.

(Continued from Front Page)

sunlight toward the flat roof that bore the numerals 124.

At twenty-five hundred feet Hill flattened his guide to cross well above the south-bound freight lane. On the roof, the big transport had just cleared the elevator hoods, and was waddling down Lane Three. Hill put the plane in a lazy bank.

Tricky, this, for thousands of other ships shuttled back-and-forth above Manhattan. Below them, dusty gray freighters lumbered along at two hundred; and far to the right a huge yellow-winged, over-weather transport from the trans-Atlantic run came in for a landing.

Others—countless others—streamed across the afternoon sky. Slightly scarlet police ships; dull red official buses; near-white military ships; and private planes—blue, yellow, green, brown—in a rainbow of living color.

The speaker said: "Okay, Bell Sportwing, come in."

Hill took the plane in with sure swiftness, wheeling on one wing-up, and dropping in a breathless rush till the marking lines of Lane Three ran white and wide on either side. Then, the wing-flaps checked their forward rush, the wheel-brakes took hold, and Hill swung the ship in a tight half-circle just short of the crash fence.

A white-jumped mechanic met the plane as it taxied under the elevator hoods. "The dispatcher wants you to check in at the desk." A uniformed official inspected the cards which the two men placed on the desk in front of him. "Very correct, gentlemen. Any of the elevators on your right stop at the eighty-sixth floor?"

Hill and Forbes left the desk. Behind them the speaker horns said in a giant's voice: "The Bell Sportwing goes in Hangar A."

They had just reached the office of the Universal Newscasting Service when the wall grids of the standard receiving set glowed red, and the precise voice of the government announcer came into the room:

"Washington, D. C., March 14th, 1980: One P. M. The heat wave continued today, while experts searched weather records for a hundred years back in a vain attempt to account for the near-tropical temperatures. The death list reached a new high in the Midwest when the thermometer touched 128 degrees. Dust storms swept the Northwest—a thing that has not happened since 1860."

The clipped voice followed them down the long hall.

Atlantic City reports forty-five dead in yesterday's gale, which accompanied the highest tide ever recorded on the Atlantic Coast. Other coastal cities..."

"This way, gentlemen." A door had slipped soundlessly away in what had appeared to be an unbroken wall, and a page boy appeared in the opening. "You are to wait here."

A moment later the door had closed again, and the two men were alone in the small lounge. Eleven Hill grinned across the room at Forbes. "One more step and we're there, mister. If you know any fancy speeches, you'd better duck them off, because U. N. S. doesn't throw their jobs around."

Hill was tall—a lean, slim-hipped man who had a natural, cat-smooth ease of movement. Well-tailored jacket set off the spread of his shoulders, and the bronze of his weather-darkened face. Hatless, his hair was sun-bleached and almost white.

"Speeches," Forbes growled, "speeches. Yes, an' me with a voice that gives a mike the shudders. I step up and say my little bit—and blow tubes in every screen in three countries. No, thanks, I'll leave the speeches to you. That's not my job. I want to get my

a color screen from laboratory parts—after reading the technical description in a magazine.

Neither man spoke now. Nervous perspiration ran cold down Hill's back. Too much depended on this interview.

Hill lit a cigarette, took a single drag, and ground it to powder in an ash-tray. Forbes' face was shiny with sweat. "I need a drink," he whispered, "plenty bad."

"Gentlemen," the voice came from the silver disc set flush in the wall, "Mr. Beck will see you now."

Forbes paved at his tousled hair as the speaker clicked silent, and an inner door slipped away, revealing a short hall. Steven Hill shrugged his jacket flat across his shoulders.

His voice was husky: "Up, Jay, an' at 'em."

Hill led the way to the door. Waves of sound came down the hall to meet them. Clamoring, discordant sound. There was the rattle of voices, the hissing boom of surf, and the high-pitched wail of a siren.

Then, the sudden throb of plane motors, a burst of thunderous crowd sound, and the pound of marching feet. Hill paused just inside the door until Forbes gained his side. Another second, and the two of them were striding down the great length of the room toward its sole occupant.

Giant screens lined the walls—ten times the size of those on the commercial receivers—a full twelve feet square. Eight of them on each wall. One for each Universal Field Unit. Now only one of those screens was blank.

Each of the others was alive—stridently alive. Each, a fully-colored, three-dimensional segment of life made possible by the twin telescopes.

History in the making—sixteen living pages of history as it happened.

Here, ordered ranks of soldiers swept past a reviewing stand where the hawk-faced Boglio-Italy's Military Prince—stood stiffly at attention.

The next screen showed only the depths of blue of a cloudless sky, and then a scarlet streak came as a new speed plane coasted across that space in a try for the world's speed record.

Voices, sound, life—the control-room of Universal Newscasting.

Hill's jerking eyes saw a storm-wrecked coastal town in one screen, and the boiling yellow clouds of a dust storm in another. Then they were in front of the huge desk.

The man behind that desk was no less famous than this

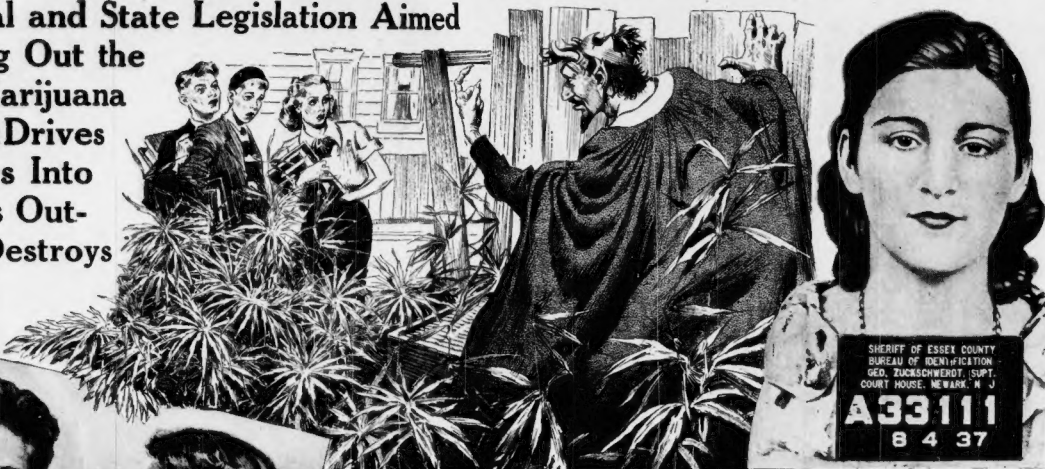


"The Deluge," a Powerful Painting by Gustave Dore. Instead of Water, De Spain Planned to Destroy by Fire from the Sun All Living Things Except Those in His Underground "Ark."

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Growing Menace to Schoolchildren of "Devil's Weed"

New Federal and State Legislation Aimed at Stamping Out the Wicked Marijuana Traffic That Drives Its Smokers Into Murderous Outbreaks and Destroys the Mind



SHERIFF OF ESSEX COUNTY
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
ED. TUCKER, CHIEF
COURT HOUSE, NEWARK, N. J.

Genevieve ("Chippy") Owens, Accomplice of Ethel ("Bunny") Soli in the New Jersey Marijuana Murder, Who Also Received a Life Sentence.

Police Bureau
Photographs of Ethel ("Bunny") Soli, the Young New Jersey "Reefer" Addict Who Blamed Marijuana for Inciting Her to Murder and Robbery, and (Lower Right) "Bunny" as a Child, Never Dreaming She Would Go to Prison for Life.

By JOSEPHINE QUIRK, Associate Editor "The Catholic Boy," and Research Specialist on Modern Crime.

"W" Ethel Soli and Genevieve Owens, guilty of murder in the first degree with a recommendation of mercy and a sentence of life imprisonment at hard labor.

These words were spoken a few weeks ago at the close of the sensational trial of two young girls, one 20 and the other 17, for the \$210 holdup murder of a New Jersey bus driver.

After the reading of the verdict, Judge Brennan dismissed the jury, saying:

"This has been one of the most gripping and difficult cases in my experience and your verdict is fair and just and in accordance with the evidence."

He might have added that the verdict would have been even more fair, just, and in accordance with the evidence if, in addition to Ethel Soli's and Genevieve Owens', it had contained a third girl's name, that of "Marijuana," which, literally translated, means "Mary-Jane."

Marijuana participated in the murder of bus-driver William Bartholomew just as much as either Ethel or Genevieve did. But, unfortunately, "Mary-Jane" is not human and so could not be held responsible. While Ethel and Genevieve are paying their debt to society behind prison walls, their partner-in-crime is going it free way, inciting other girls and boys to careers of madness and crime.

Marijuana is a drug whose use in this country during the past few years has spread like wildfire. According to figures of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, a third of the conservatively estimated 100,000 marijuana addicts in the United States are children in their teens. So, innocent-looking "Mary-Jane"—which resembles a home-made cigarette—can now be ranked high up among the menaces to the youth of America. Its innocent appearance is a camouflage, a fraud. In reality it is an insidious, tubercle-like, typhoid and other diseases.

Dr. J. Lynn Mahaffey, Director of the New Jersey State Department of Health, said recently:

"Marijuana is a dangerous narcotic drug and should be let alone. The youth of the country should understand this and fear it as they have ample reason to do. And parents should see to it that their children know the hideous facts about this deceptive drug before they are tempted to use it. Teach children to hate it so much that if they are urged to smoke a cigarette called a 'reefer' or 'muggies' or 'Mary Warner' or other queer name, an automatic 'No!' will spring up within them."

Although the Demon Pictured Above Is Not Visible in This Back Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y., It Is Actually a "Devil's Garden" and Typical of Hundreds of Other Marijuana "Farms" Throughout the Country.

sane. Grabbing a gun that one of the boys had been showing her, she pointed it at her best friend and said, "I'm going to kill you!"

Of course they thought she was joking. They wanted thrills. Good old Bunny was supplying them. Her friend asked, "Why kill me? Why pick on me?"

"Because," said the drug-crazed girl, "I've just got to kill someone!" "Well—why don't you kill yourself?" suggested one of the boys laughing.

"That's a swell idea!" replied Bunny, and turning the gun on herself, sent a bullet through her brain.

Nothing could be more unfair or unwarranted than the laughter in that courtroom. It proves how ignorant the public is on everything concerning this dangerous drug. Everything Ethel Soli said, everything the professor testified, could happen, has happened, is happening every day. Marijuana actually does all the things claimed by both these witnesses, as the following description of it by the United States Bureau of Narcotics indicates:

"While its effects are variable with different individuals, it usually produces first an exaltation with a feeling of well-being, a happy, jovial mood, and an increased feeling of physical strength. There is also a stimulation of the imagination followed by a more or less delirious state characterized by vivid kaleidoscopic visions, sometimes of a pleasing or sensual kind, but occasionally of a gruesome nature. Accompanying this delirious state is a remarkable loss in spatial and time

The blakings of a "Reefer." The Photograph Shows the Marijuana in Its Growing State, Then Flaked, and Finally Rolled Into Rice Paper Just Like a Home-Made Cigarette.

relations; persons and things in the environment look small; time is interminable; seconds seem like minutes and hours like days.

"The principal effect of the drug is upon the mind, which seems to lose the power of directing and controlling thought. Its continued use produces pronounced mental deterioration in many cases. Its more immediate effect apparently is to remove the normal inhibitions of the individual and release any antisocial tendencies which may be present. Those who indulge in its habitual use eventually develop a delirious rage after its administration, during which time they are temporarily, at least, irresponsible and prone

to commit violent crimes."

An illuminating example of this general description is provided further along in the same report. A gang of seven young men, all under 20, who for more than 2 months terrorized central Ohio with a series of about 18 stick-ups, were arrested in Columbus, Ohio, on robbery charges. They confessed that they operated while "high" on marijuana.

"One of the youths admitted that he had smoked 'reefers' on and off for at least 2 years, and said that when he went with the others on stick-ups he was 'ready to tear anybody apart' who opposed him. He claimed the practice of smoking marijuana first started among his friends about 4 or 5 years previously, while most of them were still in high school.

"In describing his crimes, he said: 'If I had killed somebody on a job, I'd never have known it.' This was verified by the officer obtaining the confessions, who explained that the hardest problem was to get these youths to remember who committed the stick-ups, or when or where they happened. When police told them how a filling-station attendant reported a robber threatened to beat his brains out with a revolver butt, one admitted he was the robber, but had forgotten his own words.

"It was impossible for them to break off the habit when they could still get the drug so easily, they claimed. 'When you try to break off you get jumpy, your hands shake, and you hear the

The name hashish alone is proof that an addict will often kill. The name comes from hashish. The Hashish tribe of Persia, before going into battle, would brew a drug that they knew would give them superhuman power and make them killers. They drank this tea and went out and killed. The drug became identified with this tribe and was called hashish. One who used the drug was known as a hashishash, from which we get the English word 'assassin.'

A member of the narcotic squad was dining recently at one of the swanky night clubs in New York—one that boasted of its highly publicized swing band. By his eyes. By the conspicuous redness of the whites of his eyes, I know he's a confirmed user."

The detective revealed that the police knew marijuana was spreading among the swing bands. The terrific strain as well as the exciting nature of their work, the long hours, and the excitement have created a physical condition that made some sort of added stimulus necessary.

The police records will show that (Continued on Page 16)



Sketch by a "Reefer" Smoker, While Under the Influence of Marijuana, of His Own Imagined Experience in an Automobile, Picturing His Extraordinary Sensations While Driving.

With you
every Friday..
with Chesterfields
all the time



Paul
Whiteman

...getting and giving
more pleasure

"Rhapsody in Blue"—it's
Chesterfield Time—light up and
enjoy that *refreshing* mildness, that
Chesterfield better taste that
smokers like.

*Chesterfields have the best in-
gredients a cigarette can have
—mild ripe tobaccos, home-
grown and aromatic Turkish,
and pure cigarette paper. They
Satisfy... millions.*



Weekly
Radio Features
PAUL WHITEMAN
GRACE MOORE
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
DEEMS TAYLOR
PAUL DOUGLAS

Chesterfield

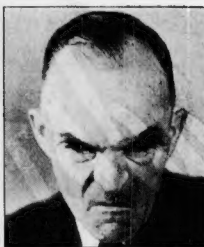
..you'll find MORE PLEASURE
in *Chesterfield's milder better taste*



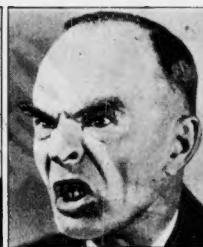
Plain Mr. DeLaMater.



"I don't believe you."



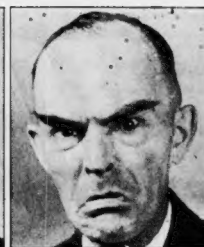
"I don't like you."



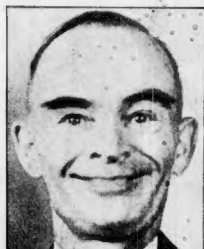
"Get out of here."



"Who, me?"



"Do you mean that?"



"Stop kidding."



"A good story."



"Don't tell the wife."



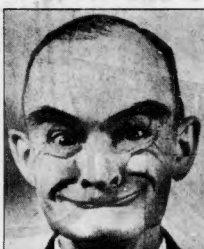
"Let me guess."



"My head aches."



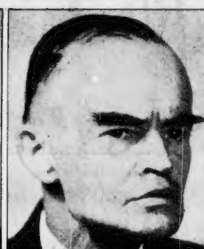
"What a surprise!"



"A swell dinner."



"What a movie!"



"I'm wrong, am I?"



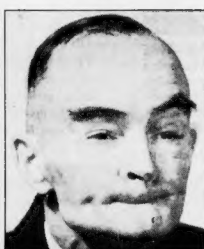
"What's that noise?"



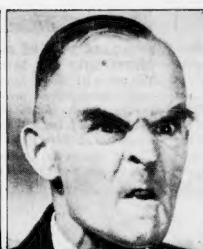
"Try to fool me!"



"The devil you say!"



"That's fine wine."



"So you want to fight?"



"That's a tough question."



"I don't trust him."



"You've heard it before?"



"That's a new one."



"With a funny ending."



"Who's a liar?"



"Me?"



"That settles it."

This Man Has 1,000 Faces

Look in the Mirror and See How Many Faces You Can Make-- You Girls Might Try It, Too

EVERYBODY knows that they have more than one face. Sometimes the ordinary person possesses as many as seven types of expressions, each entirely different from the other, to denote anger, pleasure, sorrow, remorse, fear, etc. Mr. W. W. DeLaMater, of Tulare, Calif., can make 1,000 different faces, and demonstrates on this page with 32 remarkable photographs posed exclusively for The American Weekly.

How many different faces can you make? Mr. DeLaMater finds it interesting and even educational to stand before his mirror and change from one face to another and suggests that you try it, too. Probably you will be astonished to find out how many different faces you really can make—and this experiment need not be limited to men. As a matter of fact, women will find it as interesting and possibly discover that they are more versatile than men. Making faces is a favorite pastime with children. Like adults they may not know it but their expressions really reveal the thoughts that are in their minds. No one wants every-

body else to know what is in his mind, of course, because if every passing emotion was spread on the face like a close-up on a movie screen, the results would be disagreeable if not embarrassing. Even so, people frequently betray things they do not mean to, just because a facial expression is sometimes so much more revealing than they realize. On the other hand, many people would like to be able to read faces to figure out what the other fellow is thinking and if he means what he says.

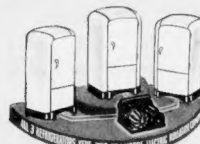
Among the beneficial results of studying one's own face and its many expressions is that of being able to look pleasant and radiate cheerfulness rather than going around with a sorrowful and gloomy expression which does no one any good. It is conceded by able psychologists that a pleasant expression as well as a warm, friendly smile is often as much an asset to a successful career as being well groomed, well spoken and intelligent.

By studying the faces of people in various situations, Mr. DeLaMater has learned to portray practically any human emotion.

NORGE Leads Again!



**MORE POWER • MORE ELECTRIC COLD
MORE ECONOMY**

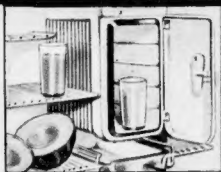


"3 ON 1" TEST

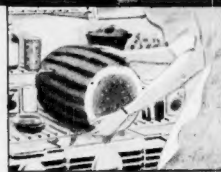
Proves the Smallest Norgé Rollator Cold-Making Unit Keeps Three Refrigerators Cold . . . Yet Runs Only One-Third the Time in a 70° Room



10-YEAR WARRANTY ON THE ROLLATOR® COMPRESSOR you buy today will still be in effect when this little girl is married. Only Norgé has the surplus-powered Rollator compressor that makes cold by revolving slowly in a permanent bath of protecting oil . . . That's why the Rollator compressor . . . exclusive to Norgé . . . carries a 10-YEAR WARRANTY.



MORE PURE ICE—FASTER, EASIER— because of the exclusive fully sealed ice compartment . . . sealed at the back as well as the front! New freezer shelves help freeze ice 25% faster. See the Visual Taste-Test that proves Norgé can give you ice as pure as the water you drink. Norgé ice cubes never taste of cantaloupe, cabbage, or cheese!



NORGE STORES MORE FOOD—MORE CONVENIENTLY and the Watermelon Test proves it! Norgé exclusive flexible interior arrangements provide for the storage of bulky foods—watermelons, turkeys, large roasts, tall bottles—without needless sacrifice of shelf space. Twelve different storage arrangements are possible in most Norgé models.

The smallest Norgé electric Rollator compressor keeps three Norgé refrigerators cold for only a few pennies' worth of safe, silent electric current!

Think what this means to you in your own home . . .

Extra power to make cold in one Norgé no matter how hot the weather . . . current-sparing economy . . . less wear . . . longer life . . . in the Norgé you buy! Extra freezing capacity that means all the ice cubes you want plus the greatest food protection! Extra value because the

Rollator compressor—the surplus-powered, miracle-mechanism of refrigeration—carries a 10-Year Warranty.

See the remarkable "3 on 1" Test at your Norgé dealer's before you buy any refrigerator! See how Norgé leads again with advanced and exclusive convenience features . . . leads in beauty and modern styling that will make your kitchen the envy of all your friends. There is a Norgé dealer in your neighborhood.

NORGE DIVISION, Borg-Warner Corporation
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NEW NORGE CONCENTRATOR RANGES have true oven heat regulators, super-speed top burners, heavy Rock Wool insulation, automatic clock control—and in your kitchen these features all add up to tastier meals, quickly and easily prepared. What a thrill you'll get when your friends say: "Oh, a Norgé! That's going to be my next range, too."



NORGE

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ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION (Domestic & Commercial) • GAS & ELECTRIC RANGES • WASHERS & IRONERS • WHIRLPOOL OIL BURNERS
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AW-18-C



NEW NORGE AUTOBUILT WASHERS have the exclusive sealed-mail Autobuilt transmission . . . Steam-sealed tubs . . . Safe, massive, pressure-selector wringers . . . Featherweight agitator, in some models, finished in smooth, non-staining Norcelain. Norgé Duotrol Ironers match the washers in design and performance. See them today!

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FLUSH FRED'S FULL HAND: OF LIFE AND STRIFE IN LOUISIANA.

BY EDWARD WILLET.



"As Saul raised the reptile, Fred's pistol sent the head whirling through the air." A Combination of Sharpshooter Mike Fink and River Gambler George Devol, Was "Flush Fred Henning," Hero of Many an Old Beadle Dime Novel.

DURING the publication of the "Old Man River" series by Captain Louis Rosche, hundreds of letters and contributions were received from readers all over the country who either remember the old days along the Mississippi and its tributaries or have heard stories about those stirring times. Judging by the number of these letters and by their enthusiastic comment, this is the most popular series that has ever been published in this magazine. The American Weekly regrets that it does not have the space to print all of these remarkable contributions—indeed, to do so would fill the whole magazine for many months. But some of the interesting material contained in these letters is presented here today as a concluding chapter in this vanished pageant of the historic old water-road.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XIII.

By JOE CURTIS.

Memphis Newspaperman and Former River Pilot.

WHEN I was a young fellow of fifteen I set out to learn the river on the packet Charles Morgan, working as a "cub" for David Holmes, who was one of the greatest river pilots of his time. Nobody knew the river any better than he did and nobody could talk more entertainingly about it. Behind the iron stove in the Morgan's pilot house was a long bench for visitors and nearby was a high stool where Mr. Holmes used to sit, keeping a close eye on me while I was at the wheel and telling about the queer things he had seen on the river.

One dark night when a storm was blowing up we had some lady visitors and pretty soon one of them asked Mr. Holmes if he had ever seen any ghosts on the river.

"Plenty of 'em," the old pilot replied. "As a matter of fact, there's a phantom boat that shows up sometimes a little piece down the river in the New Madrid bend. I've seen it myself several times. Maybe we'll see it tonight. The weather's about right for it."

I never had seen a phantom boat myself, or any kind of ghost, and I didn't specially want to see one. So when the pilot said that, I felt cold shivers and kept my eyes down the river, straining to make something out of every inky shadow that stretched out from the shore line. Behind me I could hear the ladies asking questions, sort of gurgling and breathless, as they got themselves all worked up to have a hair-raising experience. They had it, all right—and it sure was a fine night for it.

Big, ugly storm clouds were rolling in from the southwest, blotting out the moon, and the wind was rising higher and higher, tossing the trees along the bank, sloshing waves against the boat's water line and whistling through the rigging. As the boats kept smacking away at the waves, getting closer and closer to the New Madrid bend, Mr. Holmes told us about the phantom boat, and here's the story just the way I heard him tell it:

When Mr. Holmes was a young man pilotin' the old General, he was to go out down the Ohio one trip with a new partner named Bill Avery, who stood the night watch. After they came into the Mississippi and left Cairo, Bill took over the wheel and Mr. Holmes turned in.

Worn out from bucking head winds all day coming down the Ohio, Mr. Holmes soon fell asleep. But about 2 o'clock in the morning something pulled him out of that sound sleep and as soon as he got his eyes wide open he saw it was



A Man of Honor.

"The youth fell backward and was swallowed by the Mississippi." But Gray Gordon Was Not to Be Drowned or Drowned by Jim Halcourt, a Rogue, Whose Model Was Jim Stubbs, a Real-Life Gambler.

OLD MAN RIVER

the Mississippi for The American Weekly Whose Memoirs Rosche



RED RALPH, THE RIVER ROVER OF THE BROTHERS' REVENGE.

"Suddenly, the whiz of an arrow was heard, and the arm of the wretch was literally pinned to the tree." From "Red Ralph, the River Rover," Whose Model Was Probably "Big Sam" Dale.



MONTE JIM, The Black Sheep.

"Drop that plaything Black Sheep. One of River Villains in



The Steamboat "La Belle Riviere" Making a Stop Near Old Cypress Bend Where the Haunted House of Colonel Foster Stood. The Screams of the Murdered Woman Can Be Heard Nightly, According to People Who Live Nearby, and Some Even Claim to Have Seen a Ghostly Figure Shrouded in White Walking and Moaning Through the Shadowy Cypress Grove.

the night watchman, bending over his bunk and just about shaking his teeth out. The night watchman was so scared he looked like his eyes were going to pop right out of his head.

"My God!" he said. "Get your clothes on quick, Mr. Holmes, and run up to the pilot house. Something's happened to Mr. Avery—he's clean disappeared. Ain't nobody at the wheel and the boat's adriftin'. She's headed straight for a bad snag not morn' five hundred yards away."

Mr. Holmes pulled on his pants and grabbed up a shirt, putting it on as he ran. Quick as he got to the pilot house he signalled the engineer to throw both paddle wheels into reverse. Then he spun round the steering wheel—and the boat shaved by that snag, just barely missing it.

After he got the General quitman back in the channel, Mr. Holmes looked around for Bill Avery, and there he was, crumpled up in a corner of the pilot house, his hands over his face as if trying to hide from something too horrible to look at. He had a gash in his throat and blood was spurting out.

The next moment the captain came running in, buttoning up his clothes, and between them they lifted Avery out of the corner and stretched him out on the floor. But it didn't take them long to see that poor old Bill was done for.

"I saw her," he gasped, the death rattle already in his throat. "I saw her plain as anything, and she had a knife in her hand."

"Saw who?" the captain asked, and Bill replied:

"My wife."

When Bill said that, Mr. Holmes and the captain both raised up and looked at each other. Bill's wife was dead, and they knew it. At least, everybody believed she was dead. A few years before, when Bill was pilotin' the Alhambra, he took his bride along on a honeymoon trip and she disappeared from the boat one windy black night—somewhere around the New Madrid bend. Her body was never found—and at the time, Bill took on like his heart was broken and gave out that his wife had a habit of walking in her sleep. So everybody figured she must have got out of bed in the middle of the night, while Bill was on duty in the pilot house, and wandering around till she fell off the boat and was drowned.



"As Sam Dale slipped in the canebrake the Indian sprang upon him, his knife poised over Sam's scalp." One of the Famous Characters of "Old Man River" Was Sam Dale, Whose Heroic Exploits Against the Indians Thrilled Frontier Listeners More Than a Century Ago. From an Old Wood-Cut.

But now it looked as if Bill had been hiding something, and as he lay there on the floor, gasping for breath, it seemed that he wanted to tell the truth at last.

"I saw her," he said. "She walked across the water, her little feet skipping along and just barely touching it. The wind was blowing out her skirt and I could see clean through it and through her, just like she wasn't there. But she was there. She came on into the pilot house, right through the window pane. She kept pleading with me not to kill her, but I'd already killed her. I killed her when we were on our honeymoon, and yet there she was, pleading with me again, just like she did that night, only she had the knife in her hand."

"What knife?" the captain asked, his face mighty grim.

"The knife I killed her with," Bill replied. "I threw it into the river that night, along with the body, but there it was in her hand."

Then he shut his eyes and it looked as if that was all he was going to say, because a trickle of blood started coming out of his mouth and running



"The Haunted House" of Colonel Foster Near Old Cypress Bend, Where Jim Bryson Murdered His Wife and Supposed to Walk Across the Dilapidated Veranda, From an Old Painting in the Convent.

down his chin. But they wanted to hear the rest of it, so the captain leaned over and said:

"Listen to me, Bill. There ain't a thing in the world we can do for you. You're just about gone. You realize that?"

"Yes."

"Then tell us the truth, before it's too late."

"That's what I'm trying to do," Bill replied, and little by little he got it out, gasping for breath, while the captain kept wiping blood from his chin with a wad of cotton waste.

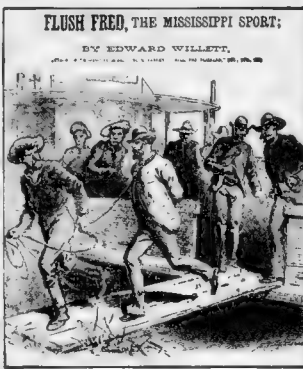
Right after they were married and were heading down the river on the Alhambra, Bill found out that his bride was carrying on with a no-account gambler, a good looking devil, who was always ready to cheat anybody at cards or anything else. One night he saw her talking to this fellow out on deck. The gambler was holding her hand and whispering something into her ear. There was just enough moonlight on her face for Bill to see what it did to her—and it just about tore his heart out to watch that expression come over her when another man was talking to her. Then she closed her eyes and kissed that gambler—and something inside Bill's brain seemed to snap.

Bill didn't say anything. He went on up to the pilot house and took over the wheel. A little later his wife came up there and sidled over against him.

A Collection of Strange Stories About the Historic Water-Road of and Its Tributaries Written in the Weekly by Old-Timers whose Memories Were Stirred by Capt. Roscoe's Picturesque History



"Cried Monte Jim, the Most Elegant of the Beadle's Time Novels."



"He Hurried Over the Plank, Leading Flush Fred by the Rope." From "Flush Fred, The Mississippi Sport."



"All aboard," Cried Snake-root. Snake-root is the Nick-Name of Asa Scott, the Poor Steamboat Boy of Many Adventures."



press Bend On the Misd Where Her Ghost Is ada, Moaning and Sob-Library, Memphis.

you've been teasing, but you'll never tease any body again."

With that he grabbed her by the shoulders and threw her down to her knees. She started crying and pleading with Bill not to kill her, but I reckon he must have gone clean out of his head. Anyway, he pulled out a long knife and slashed her throat right there. Then he locked the steering wheel and threw her body and the knife overboard. Nobody ever suspected that he did it till that night when he lay there in the pilot house of the General Quitman, telling about it, just before he died. The only thing he didn't get a chance to tell was how his own throat was cut—he died before he could tell that. And the strangest thing was that there was no knife in the pilot house—they couldn't find the knife anywhere. So if you want to, you can believe it was the ghost of his wife who did it, with the same knife he used to kill her.

To my dying day, I'll never forget what happened when Mr. Holmes got to this part of the story. He came right up behind me and pointed over my shoulder. The ladies came over, too, and stood right behind me—and I was mighty glad to have somebody there.

"There's where he threw the body," Mr. Holmes said. "Down the river a little piece, where the shore bulges out. I'll tell you another strange thing that happened right there, too. After Bill Avery killed his wife, he left the Alhambra when she got

to New Orleans—and on that boat's trip back up the river she hit a snag in that very same spot and went down. If we're going to see her tonight, she ought to be coming around the bend any minute now."

All of us stood there straining our eyes down the river, and I can tell you, my heart was pounding. The wind had died down and pretty soon the moon broke through the clouds, spluttering the waves with flecks of silver. The next moment something shot out from the bend like a big puff of smoke.

"There she is," said Mr. Holmes.

At first, it didn't look like anything but must, but when it got closer I could see it had the outlines of a boat, clear as anything, and it was headed straight toward us. And there I was, a boy of fifteen not used to steering a steamboat at night. I gripped the handles of the big steering wheel till it seemed as if my fingers would snap off, and I guess I was fixing to swing her over and drive the Morgan right into the shore when I heard Mr. Holmes' soft voice in my ear.

"Steady!" he said. "Keep her in the channel—dead ahead."

That phantom boat got bigger and bigger—and just when it looked as if she was going to ram her prow into us, the whole thing lifted all of a sudden and melted away into mist. There wasn't anything there at all except the moonlight, shimmering across the choppy water.

"That was the phantom of the old Alhambra—you can bet your bottom dollar on it," Mr. Holmes said, puffing his pipe and nodding, just as if he was telling me that the big black bulk on the point ahead was the distillery at Grissom's Landing.

Another time I heard him tell the story of the "haunted" house at Cypress Bend. As we went down the river he pointed it out behind the trees—it was a big old Colonial house with square columns and for years it had been deserted. Before the war it belonged to Colonel George Foster, who was one of the richest men in Mississippi and owned land that stretched five miles up and down the river.

The war ruined the Fosters, like it did so many Southern families. The old colonel went away to join Lee in Virginia and I guess he never came back. His daughter, Alice, married a friend of Mr. Holmes' named Jim Bryson, who had been a steamboat mate and left right after the wedding to join a regiment at Vicksburg.

Alice had a brother in another regiment and one night when he came home to see his sister, somebody fired through a window, killing both of them, while they were kissing each other in the front room. Nobody had any idea who did it—but that gave the house a bad reputation and nobody would live in it.

Jim Bryson went back to the river after the



"I saw her, plain as anything, and she had a knife in her hand. She walked right across the water, came right into the pilot house, right through the window-pane—with her arms outstretched. She kept pleading with me, 'Don't kill me!—Don't kill me!' But I'd already killed her."

war and for a while he was the mate on a steamboat Mr. Holmes was pilot. One night when they were both on duty, Mr. Holmes saw a lantern being waved back and forth at a lonely spot on the Mississippi shore and right away he blew the signal for a landing. The next minute Jim came running up to the pilot house.

"Dave," he said, with a funny look on his face. "You know what place that is?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Holmes. "That's Cypress Bend."

"Well, nobody lives there any more—and there's no wharf there. The river piled up a sand-bar in front of the old wharf, long ago."

"I can't help that, Jim. When we see a lantern being waved we got to make a landing somehow. You know that. Maybe somebody's in trouble."

"You might be right," replied Jim, "and I reckon it's up to me to find out."

But just as the boat nosed into the sand bar the light behind the trees went out. It was a still night, and the only sounds were the croaking of frogs and the rasping of katydids and dry weather flies. Jim called out and didn't get any answer—so he took half a dozen Negro roustabouts and went ashore. In the moonlight, Mr. Holmes could see them picking their way through the tall weeds to the rotting old wharf. Then Jim shouted back to the boat that nobody was there—and he and the Negroes scrambled up the levee and disappeared. Pretty soon the Negroes came tumbling back down the levee, just about yelling their lungs out.

"It got him! A ha'n't done got Mr. Jim!"

They were so scared that was about all they could tell, except that something big and white and shining came flying through a window and grabbed hold of the mate. They didn't wait to see what happened after that.

So Mr. Holmes and the captain went up to the

house and sure enough there was Jim Bryson, stretched out at the foot of the broken-down front steps, unconscious and with a bad gash in the back of his head, where it had struck on a rock.

They put him in a hospital in Memphis—and just before he died, he called for Mr. Holmes.

"Dave," he said. "I'm dying and I know it. But before I go I want to tell you something. I was the one who killed Alice and her brother. I never had seen her brother, and when I peeped through a window and saw her kissing a man I went clean out of my head. Later on, I found out it was her brother, and ever since I've been eating my heart out about it—and I'm glad it's over. I'm glad I saw Alice the other night. She came floating out of that window, with her hands reached out for me and she was smiling, just like it didn't matter any more."

By J. O. ROBINSON,
San Antonio, Texas.

I READ Captain Roscoe's article about the burning of the steamboats America and United States. At the time that happened I was five years old and living in Warsaw, Kentucky. I remember that our home was as full of strangers as we could accommodate. The tales of that wreck remain clear with me.

The river was perfectly calm along there and as smooth as could be. All the talk and reports of that time fix the responsibility upon the pilot of the America, Nip Jenkins. The pilot of the United States was Charles Williams, a resident of our little town.

Jenkins was on the upstream boat and was due

(Continued on Page 18)



One of these packages + plus 5 minutes of your time and hardly any effort will make 4 servings of the most delicious dessert you ever served your



family. KRE-MEL is really a food dessert because

it is so rich in DEXTROSE... the great energy sugar which doctors call body or



muscle sugar. Athletes and trainers know



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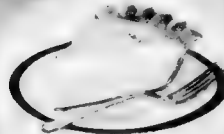
KRE-MEL provides it in abundance.



Why not ask your grocer for a package today?



4 delicious flavors and 4 servings to the package.



Dessert in five minutes is no trick at all with Kre-Mel.

Milk, Kre-Mel, a little boiling—it's ready for your table.

Chocolate...Vanillin...Caramel...Which do you choose?

Don't forget Kre-Mel Lemon Pie Filling! It's delicious.



THE KRE-MEL KANDID KAMERA MAN takes a few random "shots"



As a rule, golfers are well-developed men of action, but without energy possible. The Kre-Mel Dessert, then, couldn't be so perfect. The Dextrose in Kre-Mel is what active men need.



Whenever children congregate, you see plenty of action. Action calls for energy—energy calls for Dextrose—now, mothers call for Kre-Mel the dessert children enjoy.



Obviously, "desserts are delicious" but Kre-Mel is something more. It's rich in Dextrose, the great food energy sugar. Kre-Mel is a delicious food.



Ask any baby specialist what he thinks of Dextrose—the great food energy sugar—and you'll remember Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose.



Remember
KRE-MEL
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THE GREAT FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR



YOU'LL FIND OUR PARTNER EVERYWHERE

Even though you walk on the bottom of the sea, you'll observe Mother Nature working wonders with color, with design and with life. And if you should walk into the Home of BUDWEISER, you'd see why we say Mother Nature is our partner. She alone makes BUDWEISER—with her quiet magic of sprouting, fermenting and seasoning. The best we can do is to gather Nature's choicest ingredients and create ideal conditions under laboratory control—and she gives you BUDWEISER ...every golden drop of it!

Step Lively!...Impossible! Some jobs can't be hurried and done right. Working at the bottom of the sea is one. The daily job of just living our lives is another. All around you are people who are forever in a hurry without knowing why. How much better to distinguish clearly between mere hurry and real progress! To do so leads to accomplishment—and leisure for the good things of life. In your quest for better, brighter days, make old BUDWEISER one of your good partners. Linger leisurely over your glass. It contributes to your feeling of well-being; gives life to genial and kindly thoughts...helps you to view the past with satisfaction and to face the future with confidence.



NOTE FOR HOUSEWIVES: A glass of cold BUDWEISER is always a thoughtful compliment to a husband—especially in the evening. Has he ever expected it when there was none in the refrigerator? Check up on your supply. Keep a carton on hand—and several bottles or cans of BUDWEISER chilled and ready for instant serving ...at unexpected as well as regular occasions.

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DRINK ANHEUSER-BUSCH
Budweiser

FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY
TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT
Budweiser's FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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STARDOM'S HOLLYWOOD DIET ADE



Starvation is never necessary and is not a healthy method of losing weight. The only safe way to lose weight is by eating less and drinking more. This is the only way to keep your system in good health and your skin clear. The only way to keep your system in good health and your skin clear. The only way to keep your system in good health and your skin clear.



NEW KIND OF SUDS MAKE DISHES SHINE LIKE MIRRORS

Cup for cup, the New Rinso gives over 25% more suds than the old. In the tubs, these extra suds soak off grease in a few minutes. They all you have to do is wash... more... and the dishes don't dry if you wash. Dishes, pots and pans come sparkling clean without a trace of greasy film on them. The New Rinso is kind as ever to hands. Economical, Rinso goes far. Rinso is America's biggest-selling package soap. Try it on your tub, water and dishes.



ARK OF FIRE By JOHN HAWKINS

(Continued from Page 6)



Men Struggling Through a Dust Storm on the Western Plains During a Drought.

"Chief, that's only the start. Hell, there's everything ahead. These lodes are muthin'! Wait till you hear what's supposed to be coming. The whole state of Florida is run' under! And the temperature's gone up to..."

"...the big man choked, caught at his throat."

Beck had the microphone pulled close to his lips. "What is it, Terry? What's wrong? Speak, man."

"Here, Chief. I... I..." Terry's big shoulders drooped forward. His lips moved but only a faint sound came out. "Chief, here..."

The image on the screen swung, grew oddly tall, and vanished. The watching men saw a flash of blue sky, the marble face of the huge building, and then a second man.

He was an officer clad in starched blue, his bronzed uniform under the glare of a white cap. Beck had the microphone pulled close to his lips. "What is it, Terry? What's wrong? Speak, man."

Then, desperate words. "Chief, best work."

The officer said: "You fool, you damned fool!" The Delta gun spat a thin stream of bluish flame. The image on the screen whirled again, till only blue sky showed there. Then, suddenly nothing.

They stared, for a breathless instant, at the plate-glass of the empty screen. Beck's big, curved nose broke the tight silence. He was fumbling with the row of toggle switches then, snapping crisp words into the microphone.

"Lang, damn you, come to life! Lang."

The voice came from the desk speaker. "Right, Chief."

"Wherever you... Beck straightened in his chair and a husky note came into his voice. "Get the emergency crew in the air—at once! Crews, run into plenty of trouble. George, wait. Terry and I are both both. I want reports every five minutes and if that crew get on the ground in thirty minutes tell them not to come back."

"Yes, sir."

Beck's hand came away from the switch to be up at his lips. There were lines in his face deep lines that hadn't been there before. His eyes were shiny with thought.

He stared at Hill and Forbes as though realizing for the first time that he wasn't alone in the room. His voice was suddenly gruff.

"Get out of here! Your job doesn't start till Monday and if you want to be sure you've still got a job, keep what you heard to yourselves! Move!"

Steven Hill found Forbes at his side when he turned. They walked swiftly, silently back the way they had come. A thousand questions burned in Hill's mind as the elevator slid them downward. Questions for which there were no answers. Terry had been killed. There was no other name for what they had seen and

Terry's killer had worn a Naval uniform?

Why? There had to be a reason for Terry's death. A good reason. That Naval officer hadn't wanted to shoot that had shown in his face. He must have been carrying out an order. Then what had Terry done? Had he... he'd talked about the weather and the tides—nothing else. What possible answer could there be?

They were passing the dispatcher's desk then, moving out into the full bright glare of the sun. Speaker horns behind them belled.

Hill Sportswing out of Hangar A for take-off in Lane Two. A Jay Forbes touched Hill's arm. "What's it all about, Steve? I saw it, but I..." His honesty face was twisted, his eyes questioning.

"I don't know, Jay. I can't even guess."

"Forbes, I know, said something about Florida and the tides. Do you suppose he meant there's a tidal wave down there?"

Hill said: "Not so loud folks, you're what the Chief said."

Two white-pupped mechanics trundled the Sportswing away from the hangar and out to the head of Lane Two.

Hill and Forbes climbed into the plane. They were in the air when the special bulletin came over the standard receiver.

The Bureau of Health issues this extra warning to all people living in houses or buildings equipped with air-conditioning units. Do not, under any circumstances, set the thermostat control for any temperature less than 100 degrees during the day. Light hours. Passing from the high temperatures outside into the temperature lower than 100 degrees is more than the human body can readily stand, and is one cause of the many epidemics now sweeping the country. Repeating this special bulletin: The Bureau of Health...

A quazal light came into Hill's eyes. "That sounds like there's more of this heat wave still to come."

"You heard Terry?" Forbes said. "He was trying to say something about the temperature when that guy shot him." He got a cigarette out of his pocket. "Listen, Steve, it's not any anything to Penny about this. She'd just worry her head off."

Hill's voice was low. "You know I wouldn't."

There was only one plane in sight on the University field when the Sportswing slanted down out of the sky. They watched it turn; watched the dust-cloud kicked up by its airplane trail the ship into the students' hangar.

Hill put the Sportswing in a steep bank at three thousand feet. The Spain University. A tightness came into his throat at the sight of the buildings set like a child's blocks in squares of dusty grey. The International College of Arts and Sciences. Founded and endowed in 1900 by the Span, the college had the highest entrance requirement of any school in the world.

Four years of Steven Hill's life had been spent in those buildings. Four years, and now Monday he was saying goodbye.

"Take her in, Steve, take her in. I told Penny we'd meet her at four o'clock. She wants to know how we came out."

Spain those things were scarce, too scarce.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hill," the waiter was back—"but I can only serve you hot coffee or tea."

Hill looked up. "Why?"

"The National Bureau of Health has ordered us to serve them today."

"What do you think of that?" Hill said, a quick glance at the others. "Is coffee all right with you too?"

"Sure!" Easy laughter bubbled from Penny's lips. "You can drink a toast that way as well as any."

Forbes said: "All right with me. We'll play along with the Bureau. Bring the coffee."

The waiter left them, and Penny said: "I forgot to tell you. There's been a couple of hundred soldiers here all day."

A question came into Hill's eyes. "Soldiers? Why?"

"After guns. They took all the guns out of the army and loaded them in Army transport planes. Then the officer in command spoke to us over the address system. Anyone found with any kind of a gun in his possession will be sentenced to five years in prison."

"My gosh!" The startled words jerked from Hill's lips. "That's walking on every right an American citizen has!"

"We're replacing a couple of men from one of the crews, Penny," Forbes' big hand covered one of the girls. "Two of them are coming in for a vacation."

"Tell me," Penny said breathlessly, "all about it."

Forbes grinned at her, and then began to sketch the afternoon's events. Hill ordered three cold drinks from a waiter, and lost himself in thought.

Swirl people, these two, about as fine as they came. This booth its seat was barely wide enough for three—had been their meeting place for three years, and now those daily meetings were almost a college tradition. So many a time that one else ever used their booth.

Penney had worn Forbes' ring from the beginning, but that hadn't mattered. The daily lunches gave each of them something. Friendship, laughter, and a moment's relaxation. And at the

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"Sure!" Easy laughter bubbled from Penny's lips. "You can drink a toast that way as well as any."

Forbes said: "All right with me. We'll play along with the Bureau. Bring the coffee."

The waiter left them, and Penny said: "I forgot to tell you. There's been a couple of hundred soldiers here all day."

A question came into Hill's eyes. "Soldiers? Why?"

"After guns. They took all the guns out of the army and loaded them in Army transport planes. Then the officer in command spoke to us over the address system. Anyone found with any kind of a gun in his possession will be sentenced to five years in prison."

"My gosh!" The startled words jerked from Hill's lips. "That's walking on every right an American citizen has!"

"We're replacing a couple of men from one of the crews, Penny," Forbes' big hand covered one of the girls. "Two of them are coming in for a vacation."

"Tell me," Penny said breathlessly, "all about it."

Forbes grinned at her, and then began to sketch the afternoon's events. Hill ordered three cold drinks from a waiter, and lost himself in thought.

Swirl people, these two, about as fine as they came. This booth its seat was barely wide enough for three—had been their meeting place for three years, and now those daily meetings were almost a college tradition. So many a time that one else ever used their booth.

Penney had worn Forbes' ring from the beginning, but that hadn't mattered. The daily lunches gave each of them something. Friendship, laughter, and a moment's relaxation. And at the

Spain those things were scarce, too scarce.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hill," the waiter was back—"but I can only serve you hot coffee or tea."

Hill looked up. "Why?"

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"What do you think of that?" Hill said, a quick glance at the others. "Is coffee all right with you too?"

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30 Minutes After Eating-Drinking ALKALIZE



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With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets—and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

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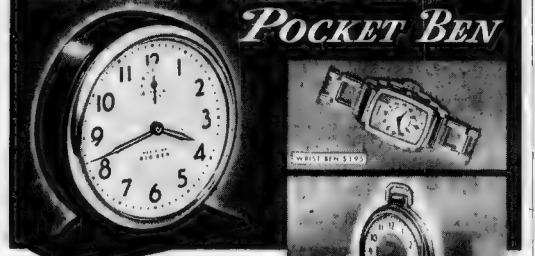
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